It is the woman's task, then, to see to the food which the Earth Mother yields, while the men are busy hauling lumber and making boats, hunting and fishing, and carrying the white man's loads to the city. In the leisure of the rainy season, while the women cut up the trade cotton cloth into long, narrow strips and sew them into cloths of traditional design, the men are at work carving fine things out of wood.

When the big rains come a man might busy himself carving doorposts for his new house, or he might make a paddle to put away in his personal treasure house, so that, when he is ready to take a second wife, he might have the proper gifts to make her. Another might be making a small canoe paddle for his first daughter. She is four, perhaps, and already is of help to her mother in the field, carrying water from the river in a small Indian jar. Soon she will be strong enough to have the cutting of the kanembo begin—a few slashes about the navel at first . . . He will cover the surface of the paddle with beautiful traceries, each design a meaningful symbol, and to add to its beauty he will darken it with a mixture of oil and charred rice hulls. When it is finished it will be of a reddish-brown color, slender, and smooth to the touch of his fingers as the skin of his woman-child. Combs, food strainers, trays, stools, peanut pounding boards, and, if a man likes, mortar and pestle—all these are carved when the rains are heavy and there is no work to be done on the river or in the bush.

So the work is divided. A man does a man's work—wood, iron, hunting the game animals of the bush, and catching fish in traps, making baskets of wood fiber—all that is a man's affair he does. And the woman, tending the fields and cooking for her family, pounding palm nuts in her mortar to make palm oil, grating the bitter cassava to make flour free from the poison that is in the roots, caring for her house and carving calabash dishes with the symbols of man and woman and fertility—women does what it is woman's lot to do.

more than a year before her father's death and therefore had not saved her mother from mourning.

"My sons are big men," she avowed, pointing to the mortar, "and already my brother takes them with him down the river, and when they are with him he tells them about the creeks and the trees, and where the villages are which are friendly to our people. But when they come here to see me, then they play. They have play guns and play arrows which they make themselves. Into the uncleared bush they shoot them until I call them away to eat. Here I have no man from whom they can learn. Here they only play."

But boys liked to be with men. When the rains came, her brother would let them sit by when he carved, and, seeing him work, they would take up a knife and begin whittling. That was how boys learned to do men's work.

Women children played with "guni." She put down her pestle, and felt about in her cloth where the child slept, and brought out a gourd, resembling in size a small cucumber. It had beads on top for eyes and a few deft cuts to indicate nose and mouth, while above the eyes was crosshatching for the hair. Until girls were old enough to be of use in the fields, they sat about in the clearing playing with these dolls.

"When they are four and five, then they like to work."

There was, of course, dancing. All dances were opened by the children, and at six and seven the girls knew wheri and awana, and bandamba, and the boys danced ussa.

"Do you dance ussa?" we asked the Grassman's five-year-old grandson, who was standing with us beside the widow.

"Ai," he said, but once our attention was turned to him he said also, "White man, the children say you carry money in this." He touched a water canteen which hung from the stranger's belt. "I know it is water."

He knew also that shaving cream was soap, and not white people's sacred clay, and now as women came with bottles for the white man's chia water—a name they gave

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Saramacca

to all the medicine we had for them—he took it upon himself to instruct them to wash the bottles carefully, as he followed us to the storehouse, and to warn them that what was given was not to be taken internally.

"*A taki, a taki-e, u' so mu' beke*—He says, he is saying, you must not drink this," he explained, with something of his mother's persuasiveness in giving instructions.

His grandmother had said one day half in jest that he would have a tiger spirit which would need to be reckoned with when he grew to manhood. He was a straight-limbed, wiry child, not troubled with the umbilical hernia so often met with in children here in the bush, or with the distended "cassava belly."

The coming of the strangers had eclipsed all desire for familiar diversions here. From early morning the children of the village stood about watching us, so that the brushing of teeth and the lacing of boots were carried on under excited supervision which continued day after day. But to this small grandson of Yankuso we were visitors in his quarter, and whether we were alone in the council house or were in the small house reserved for privacy, he would find his way there and stand about asking questions.

Sometimes, however, when he found us at work and saw that we did not wish to be interrupted, he would lean against the wall for a long time watching us in silence, until presently he would come to life, as it were, walk over to the table, and begin beating the Kromanti rhythm on it.

But he was not the only child who knew the drum rhythms. In the last village in the Pikien Rio, we met a two-year-old child who came to us with more than usual readiness and followed us about, his hand in ours until we came to his mother's house, where he left us to sit down on a wooden plank which lay near it. We had been in conversation with the older people and did not notice his going, until all at once we heard the slow beating of the rhythm to the Sky God. It was this child of two, drumming against the plank on which he sat.

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"*A nahi apinti, ai*"—He is playing the apinti," his father said, laughing, and a woman who stood by said that when he grew up he would have an important god. It would be a good god, too, and it might be a great Komfo—a priest reincarnated in him.

Among the little girls who were with us most often, and now stood by with Yankuso's grandson, were the two daughters of Dida, the wife of Chief Ano'u of S'ei, who went about the Granman's village with white on her face and body. The little girls were also washed in the white clay, and there was white in the wool of their hair. They had the quick, startled movements of their mother, and one of them in particular was a nervous child, shy and easily frightened. She never came too close to the strangers, and, for a time, if they but caught her eye, she would begin to tremble with fear.

"Your daughters are handsome, Dida."

"Ai, they come from a good line," she said, laughing.

The Granman's younger wife said, "They will have many gods when they are big. They will have them from their mother, and theirs will be stronger yet. They are twins."

It was possible, she explained, by looking at a child to know if it would have the gods of the family. Sometimes the gods took a dislike to a child and refused to give it of their wisdom or protection, and sometimes the gods liked it so well that they gave it many gifts—the gift of a fine singing voice, the ability to dance better than others, and the good fortune to be liked.

"Until they are grown, the gods do not trouble them much," she added, "but we in the bush know a child who will have important gods, and we know if the gods will be kindly."

"Do you mean you know because of kunu?"

"*Ma kye*, all gods do not come from kunu."

4

One day when sitting among the women, the talk was of twins.

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were born, such as Monday-child, Tuesday-child, and so on. age

The boys of about seven to ten years of age form themselves into groups and play at hunting or fishing, or canter in and out of the village. There seems to be very little organized game playing among the children. For that matter the adults have no organized games aside from that of gambling with the *adji-boto* board. The little girls play at house making, or follow pursuits of a less arduous nature than do the boys, and to them in particular is given the care of the young children, although the boys often do their share in this matter. The arts of hunting, fishing, canoe work, and *jungle crafts in general* are usually taught the boy by his maternal uncle, or by some other male relative of his mother's family, and less often by his actual father. At irregular intervals there are canoe races, and the young men indulge in wrestling as a pastime.

We know of no initiatory rites for ceremonially admitting children into the tribe at puberty. Among the Aucaners, however, the boy does undergo a slight ceremonial to indicate that he is at last a full-fledged adult. Most of the children of both sexes are entirely nude, and no notice is taken of the fact. At about the age of ten the boy begins wearing around his waist a string of singrassi, in anticipation of a loin-cloth. When the maternal uncle judges that the boy is old enough, he stands the boy up before the entire village, assembled for the purpose, and gives him a loin-cloth and caminsa. But first the uncle rips off any cloth that happens to be on the boy's body and draws attention to his nudity. Everyone is told to